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Criticisms.

Conducted by Pansy Panitall.

“Sins of the Mother.”

It’s a good thing Trixy’s Mother didn’t drink instead of Gambling. If Trixy had inherited a thirst in proportion to her gambling propensities, she wouldn’t have survived the first violent ward the Authorities honored with her presence. Trixy was the peerless Gambler. She not only gambled on the horses, played roulette, bet on the weather, and devoted much time to bridge, but she married young.

The parentally-endowed thirst has it on the craze for gambling in this respect: there are no Keeley institutes for gambling. And you get something out of a good, healthy thirst.

Trixy’s Case was that of a young girl, reared in a Convent, whose Mother operated an exclusive Gambling Hall. She inherits her Mother’s Mania. Disastrous to herself, but most beneficial to the plot, she marries the man who later becomes District Attorney on the reform ticket. District Attorneys are bad enough. Reform District Attorneys have no qualifications in polite Phraseology.

He said he didn’t mind her Gambling Habits as much as he did her weakness for breaking promises. This was one of the most common points in the picture’s composition. The remainder of it was appreciably unusual. The Husband expressed extreme astonishment at his Wife’s continuous breakage of promises.

Yet, according to the picture, he had sense enough to be a fairly good District Attorney.

We were glad to see that her Husband was the sort of man who ran for Office on the Reform Ticket. It would have hurt us dreadfully to see a deserving man so painfully mistreated.

There are many morals to “Sins of the Mother,” one of which is never shoot craps on I.O.U.’s. Never marry a District Attorney with Reform Principles unless you are prepared to keep all promises, for promises are harder to keep than Husbands.

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We Meet Hal Reid.

It was our pleasure to chat with the noted Hal Reid one day last week, as he sat in a Deep Chair in the lobby of the Hotel Ansley just like any ordinary citizen and smoked Fatima Cigarettes to our added pleasure; he being very liberal with them.

Hal Reid is the Author of Melodramas by the hundreds. He wrote and staged “Prohibition,” the big feature that is proving a National Sensation; and likewise wrote and directed “Thou Shalt Not Kill,” the big Rose Coghlan masterpiece. He is an Author, Playwright, Script Writer and Picture Director.

He looks like the first Assistant Clerk in the Rabun County Independent Bank at Cooledge Corners, except that he wears a Silk Shirt, a collapsible set of Eye-Glasses and a Palm Beach, the Palm Beach style having not yet reached Cooledge Corners. You could hardly distinguish Hal Reid from the Desk Clerks or man behind the Cigar Counter. He is just a plain, ordinary man, like other big men—the more human they are, the bigger.

Hal Reid is about fifty years old, lithe, active, and high-geared. He hasn’t an ounce of overweight, and has the slender, elongated build of the nervous, race-horse type. He is constantly

doing something, and says idleness hurts him more than hard work.

Reid was in the City investigating the Frank Case, of which he intends to write an Analysis.